

The COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XXXIX December 10, 1943 NUMBER 8

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THE COMMONWEAL is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman.
Published at 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.—AS. 4-9685
Annual Subscription: U. S., \$5.00; Canada and Foreign, \$6.00

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A Portent from Latin America

MANY are the charges in Senator Hugh Butler's 176-page report to his 95 colleagues and his 5-page report to the less wary millions who read the *Readers Digest*. On his one-man, 20,000-mile junket through the lands we have been pleased to call "the other Americas" the Nebraska Senator found plenty to arouse his political ire. A lesser peeve seems to be that there is something New Dealish about the way we have lent a hand; as Senator Butler phrases it: "the urge to boondoggle is too strong to be suppressed" among our representatives down there.

But many "good neighbor" projects now in operation or in process, the Senator admits, are quite worth while. What burns him up is the idea that our aid in the vital sphere of public health, for instance, tends to take the form of outright gifts, when the countries in question should themselves be financing these projects. Senator Butler has seized upon the old formula of matching dollar for dollar as an indispensable prerequisite for expenditures by the United States. It apparently has not occurred to him that one of the main reasons why these countries need outside assistance in order to work toward decent minima of health, literacy, subsistence is that the great bulk of their citizens are poverty-stricken. He even

cites the fact that the United States program in Latin America includes 30 major hospitals and 200 health centers and dispensaries as a criticism of our policy. Curiously enough this same issue of the *Digest* features an article by William Hard which points to our position in the Pan American Union and in the Americas generally as the rôle we should seek to assume in the whole wide world.

It is hardly surprising that our hastily conceived efforts to solidify the western hemisphere against the threat of aggression should have developed bumps and creases. Even though it merely accelerated a genuine tendency toward growing American solidarity. The Senator is right that a constant round of handouts is bad for any man and any people. There could indeed be more evidence that the new Latin American projects are genuinely joint ventures. No country is not open to criticism. It is the Senator's manner that is objectionable. The shocked reactions of Mr. Wallace and Nelson Rockefeller and the journalistic agitation in a number of countries are more than justified. Senator Butler had apparently overlooked the tacit agreement around Capitol Hill that foreign policy should be beyond politics at least for the duration. We cannot leave this otherwise painful aspect of the subject without citing Eduardo Salazar of Ecuador who dubbed the Butler tirade 'a moth in the firm texture of Pan-American relations.'

No matter how sensational, the fulminations of one lone Senator tend soon to be forgotten. What is disquieting here is the growing indifference for Pan-America now that the immediate threat to United States security has eased. This is not the first time recently the *Digest* has thrown its not inconsiderable weight in this direction. Similar in tenor were the recent news stories about South American rubber production by a Scripps-Howard reporter. A year ago book publishers in this country had brought out a dozen or more informative and attractive volumes about our neighbors to the South; this year there was hardly a notable volume. The heat is off and our interest wanes.

This is disturbing enough in the light of the current opportunity to make something sound and lasting of Pan-Americanism for the good of all concerned. Unfortunately it has even wider implications. If we can lose interest in Latin America so quickly, what of Europe, Asia and our share of responsibility for peace and justice in the post-war world? This is not to warn the people of the United States against growing cynical and egoistic; it is rather to forestall that national shortsightedness and self-absorption which inevitably lead to other wars. For our destiny is now inextricably intertwined with that of Latin America, Europe and the other sectors of our rapidly contracting globe. Our future national well-being depends upon recognition of this fact.

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A Manifest Duty

THE storm of comment evoked locally in Brooklyn and New York as a result of a Grand Jury presentment concerning crime in Brooklyn's "Little Harlem" has also provoked most unfortunate and unchristian comments from a nationally-known Catholic pastor in the Brooklyn Diocese. The same clergyman was publicly rebuked by Cardinal Hayes some years ago for his anti-Negro utterances of that day, and his attitude is all the more unfortunate in that it is bound to discourage the efforts of devoted priests who are doing their best to promote a greater feeling of charity and understanding between races and are making heroic efforts to improve the earthly lot of Negroes living in the dreadful slum conditions characteristic of Little Harlems everywhere.

This division among Catholics is one of the scandals of our day. It is not to be expected that every Catholic should dedicate himself to the improvement of racial minorities, nor can it be expected that every Catholic or every priest will free himself of such deep-seated feelings as are provoked by differences of race; but in view of the doctrine of the Church and of Christ Himself one can expect that Catholics, and especially members of the clergy, will learn over backward not to express their feelings in public. For when such feelings are given public expression by a priest, they indeed become a scandal. And here another—and a new—aspect of race relations becomes peculiarly pertinent.

Reports from all over the country indicate that, outside of the South, the most aggressive anti-Negro groups are Polish and Italian, both groups at least nominally and often devotedly Catholic. It has proved very nearly impossible for the ordinary influences working to minimize racial conflict to reach these groups. They are very largely self-contained and both have their own newspaper press. It is hard to understand precisely why these peoples should feel as bitterly as they do unless one has a personal and intimate knowledge of the social and economic status of minority groups in this country. Neither the Poles nor the Italians, by and large, feel their status to be secure. Within a generation, Poles and Italians almost universally were day-laborers, and the bulk of first-generation immigrants still are day-laborers. But the second generation has come up socially and economically and has achieved a precarious toe-hold upon a status somewhat higher than that of its parents. They see this status threatened by the Negro, and they react, often violently. Sometimes the threat takes a very tangible form—a financial loss suffered through the lowering of property values on hard-earned homes in districts where Negroes are moving in. Sometimes it is merely an objection to working on the same production line in an industrial plant.

Here is a great opportunity for the Church in America. Because it is only through Italian and Polish priests that the rest of the community can hope to reach adults in these two national groups with any degree of promptness and effectiveness. Proper leadership on the part of such priests in this vital matter could do much to bring about a decrease in race tension in the great industrial cities of the North and might do something to heal the very real wounds which the scandal alluded to earlier in these lines has inflicted upon the mind and heart of the American Negro and of all those who long to see justice done him.

Peace Production Board

WALTER REUTHER of the United Auto Workers attracted a good deal of attention some months ago with his plan for a change-over from a peacetime to a war economy; now he has come out with another plan, in reverse. The essential element in this is the continuance of the governmental function now centered in the War Production Board. The idea is to create a Peace Production Board which should administer the nation's industrial effort for the benefit of the greatest number of citizens in a peacetime economy just exactly as the WPB administers our industrial effort for the advantage of our war economy. As developed by Mr. Reuther, the scheme would be particularly designed to protect the small businessman, labor and the consumer. Of course it would mean the end of totally free enterprise, since undertakings believed to be of little social utility would find it very difficult to get raw materials and since management practice would be under pretty rigid government supervision. But he it said that Mr. Reuther himself has made his proposals more for the purpose of starting discussion than in the hope that they will be adopted.

Of course such an idea will have no appeal to decentralists or even to the most advanced capitalists. The very thought will be anathema to the more conservative businessmen of the country. Yet it has certain obvious advantages which should receive serious consideration, even though these advantages might be more effectively obtained piecemeal and by less drastic means. Mr. Reuther urges that an extensive housing program be promoted by his Peace Production Board in order to supply employment in the post-war economy. Certainly this is one of the most promising lines of development. He likewise proposes that the overgrown aircraft facilities of today be devoted to making pre-fabricated housing units. He seems to feel that a 30-hour week will also be necessary if we are to maintain anything like full production, and it is indeed likely that we shall have to reduce working time in order to spread the work. All in all, Mr. Reuther displays a boldness of imagination all too rare among labor leaders.

Freedom to Choose

RECENTLY there was a meeting in Naples at which Count Sforza and Benedetto Croce spoke. It is reported that they spoke moderately and prudently. They were not making an appeal to the Neapolitan crowds; it is in the temperament of neither of these men to call people to the barricades. Count Sforza is a statesman and of course a parliamentarian; he is accustomed to talking to statesmen and diplomats and to the intricate and subtle play of parties in parliament. He is not accustomed to haranguing crowds. As for Croce, his political and moral stature rest entirely on the courage he has shown in resisting fascism, but that courage has been displayed constantly on an intellectual level. He showed great courage by simply ignoring the fascists, by continuing to write his books, by continuing to edit his extremely intellectual magazine *La Critica*, as if it were simply inconceivable that any person or any compulsion could affect the freedom of his mind. So that this meeting in Naples was not a provocative meeting, it was not a call to arms. It appears, however, that the audience listening to these two eminent Italians showed a tendency to break up the meeting by enthusiastically calling for the abdication of the King and by rejecting the idea of a regency. Probably any Italian audience at any political meeting would show an equal exuberance because it must be a wonderful feeling to be able to shout otherwise than by order, to be able to object for a change and not acclaim, to know that the secret police have no longer anyone to report to.

Perhaps the American and British armies occupying a part of Italy and the agents of these powers who are charged with administering Italy are well aware that when a dictatorship is broken, the people who have suffered under it—no matter for how long, no matter how disaccustomed to thinking for themselves—will start immediately making plans for themselves, exuberantly or not. Even when the German people are left in a desert of ruins and misery they will form again into political parties, they will attempt again to regulate the forms of life surrounding them, no matter how desperate seems the task. The British and the Americans in Italy know this, but they do not like it. They have decided that meetings are not to be held without permission. They have decided that it would be very nice if the Italians in Sicily, in Calabria and in Naples would wait a while before formulating any of their desires.

If they have not thought of a theory to justify their refusal to encourage popular discussion of Italy's future government in the regions they administer, here is one free and gratis. All they have to say is that, of course, the Italian people are going to be allowed to decide whether they

will have a King or not, but that this decision cannot be made by the Italian people until all the Italian people are free to discuss it. They can say that every region of Italy has such distinct characteristics that it forms a country by itself and that Italy therefore is a federation of countries. Therefore a matter affecting all of Italy cannot justly be decided by any one part of Italy. They can say that the people of Northern Italy imposed a Savoy King on Naples but that it does not follow that turn and turn about is fair play and that now the people of Naples can, all by themselves, depose an Italian King. The King of Italy has palaces all over the place, in Turin, in Rome, in Naples, a country house in San Rossore. If these palaces are to become museums or hospitals or to be turned over to the trade unions, if, as is most unlikely, the Italian people should ever think of them as Bastilles or Tuileries, then they must all be burned at once. The occupying authorities can defend their political censorship without ever having to use any words not present in the basic English of the Atlantic Charter.

Of course what they really are doing is the old, old business of putting off the evil moment. They are simply gaining time. They are putting a certain amount of time between the idealism of this war and the realities which will arise as soon as this war is ended.

All that we have proclaimed and believed in throughout this war means that Italy and France and every other country in Europe—Germany excepted, because for Germany there are special plans—will be free to live in democracy and peace. Every nation in Europe—Germany excepted—will be free to join in any one of the admirable plans for federation, for alliances, for a new League of Nations by which the peace of Europe will be assured. Every nation in Europe, liberated from tyrants, will be free to choose peace, to choose the democratic processes within nations and between nations by which peace and prosperity can be attained and maintained.

By what slip of the keyboard did that word "choose" get in here? Because if they are free to choose all that we think is good, they must in fact be free to choose one or two things which we think are entirely evil. They are free to choose nationalism, they are free to choose to distrust us. They are of course free to choose communism for a régime and Russia for an ally. They are even free to choose to destroy our plans for Germany's fate. There have been many French communists who have died before German firing squads and many of these men have shown extreme heroism in the moment of their dying. One of them shouted at his executioners: "Long live the German Communist Party!" That might mean something; that might mean a Europe we had not thought of.

C. G. PAULDING.

Who Blocks Feeding Europe

Testimony before
a Senate committee

Howard E. Kershner

That which follows is an extract from the testimony presented on November 11, 1943, by Howard E. Kershner at a public hearing before a sub-committee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Mr. Kershner is a representative of the American Friends Service Committee; he directed the work of child feeding in both Franco and Loyalist Spain during the Civil War; he directed the work of feeding the children of unoccupied France and he would like to continue the work of feeding the children of France even now when the Germans have occupied all France. This he is not allowed to do.

We are printing his testimony because the time has come when the generosity, the good will, the enlightened self-interest which have led most Americans to desire to save from starvation the children of the occupied countries of Europe are impeded and the efforts Americans have made are arrested. By whom?

The American people have the right to know what men there are who do not want Europe's children fed and, knowing, they have the right to insist that there are catastrophes which are unavoidable, and others which are avoidable, and that misery, insanity, starvation, tuberculosis and death need not be inevitably the catastrophic accompaniment of this war for all the children in all the countries occupied by German forces.

Mr. Kershner, after describing the work he has done, tells by what authority he is forbidden to continue it. This authority the American people can permit no longer to impede their will. THE EDITORS.

THE FOOD we used did not come from the western hemisphere. With the exception of 2,000 tons sent to Poland in 1940 by the American Commission for Polish Relief and two shipments sent to Southern France by the American Red Cross in the spring of 1941, and one shipment in the fall of 1942, no food has gone or is going from the western hemisphere to the children in nazi dominated countries. Greece alone is the exception. About 19,000 tons a month is sent to that country.

The food we used was purchased in 1940 and 1941 in Indo-China, Madagascar, Egypt, other points in North Africa, Turkey, Central Europe,

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Switzerland and Portugal. I could foresee that the time would come when nothing could be had from these sources, so we purchased as much as we could and put it into our warehouses. After the fall of 1941, it was not possible to purchase any more. Upon taking an inventory we found that we could continue our work on a major scale until the fall of 1942, after which it would have to come to an end, unless permission were given to send food from the western hemisphere. Again and again, I appealed to Washington and London telling those governments how we had won the affection of a whole nation and saying: "Surely you do not want the banners of friendship and the American flags to come down from the schoolroom walls of France, and this friendly people to be shocked to the heart thinking that you no longer care to continue even this small gesture of help for 100,000 children." This plea likewise fell on deaf ears.

Finally I said, quoting the Scripture, if someone should come back from the dead, surely they will listen, so I shall go to Washington and tell this story in person. I did so in the summer of 1942. I found our chief officials very sympathetic. They said to me, however, that Britain had established the blockade; Britain was our senior partner, Britain was closer to the continent and knew more about the situation and that if there was going to be any change in blockade regulations, the initiative ought to come from there. Accordingly I went to London.

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I went all over England and Scotland telling the story of famine on the continent. I found the British people better informed and more alert to the need than we are. Multitudes of them wrote to me saying that they were in favor of sending help to the children even though they would have to give up some of their own rations. This would not be necessary. I mention it merely to show that the British people are ready to join hands with us in saving the children.

I talked to the leading editors and publishers, and nearly every paper in the British Isles carried the story of the suffering of the children. Many of them urged in leading editorials that help be sent immediately. Led by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the leaders of the major religious organi-

zations and the labor leaders made strong appeals on behalf of sending food to the children.

By invitation I addressed a meeting of members of Parliament in the House of Commons. About 85 percent of those present were in favor of child feeding on the continent. I discussed the matter with the heads of the governments in exile in London. They assured me in voices choking with emotion that they had done everything in their power to win permission to send food to the children of their respective countries.

I was privileged to discuss the matter with several members of the British government. I found great sympathy and deep concern. I should like to say the general attitude in Whitehall was that if any change were to be made in blockade regulations, since the food would have to come from the western hemisphere, it seemed logical that the initiative with reference to such change should come from the same place. With great courtesy, therefore, I found myself eased back across the Atlantic to renew my efforts in Washington.

Returning here last February, I reported to several top members of the administration. I found greater sympathy and more concern. In fact, there was no longer any opposition. I believe it is correct to say that our government has made representations to London in favor of controlled child feeding. I believe that the administration would welcome a mobilization of public opinion in order to make sure that it has the support of the people on this issue. For that reason, among others, I think it would be very helpful if this resolution could be adopted by the Senate.

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And now, Mr. Chairman, in the interest of common humanity and strategy, certain facts about which I have heretofore said nothing now must be revealed, in the hope that the ruinous policy of starving our friends and Allies and cutting off the hope of the future may be reversed while there is still time to undo some of the damage. No one places a higher value on the British contribution to human freedom and civilization than I, and no one is a stronger advocate of Anglo-American solidarity than I. Hence, no one will regret more the necessity of saying what follows:

In November, 1941, I succeeded in purchasing 350 tons of powdered milk in Switzerland. I obtained permission from the German Commission which rigidly controlled exports from Switzerland to take this milk to France. It looked as if our French infants were going to have a new lease on life and then the Treasury Department of the U. S. Government refused to give us a license to use our own funds to pay for the milk. Thinking that the Treasury did not want foreign exchange to reach Switzerland, we arranged to pay for this milk with blocked dollars in New York. But even

so the license was never granted and the milk probably went to Germany.

I thought our government would be pleased with the arrangement that I had made to take this milk away from Germany to the babies of France. I think Washington was pleased. The State Department made no objection. The Treasury made no objection, but failed to issue the license. Why?

Threading our way through the departments in Washington, we finally traced the source of the opposition to the British Embassy. But why did Britain object? The milk was not to come through the blockade. It was already in Europe. We were simply bringing it from Switzerland to France instead of allowing it to go to Germany. Since the purpose of the blockade was to deprive Germany of food and materials, it would seem that our actions would be considered helpful. Possible answers to this riddle will be suggested later but first, from the many examples available, let me point out another.

About the time I returned from Switzerland, we found ten tons of beans in storage in Marseilles. They had been there since before the beginning of the war. They were owned by a New York firm. We bought them but again the Treasury, because of opposition stemming apparently from the British Embassy, refused to give us a license to pay dollars to the owners in New York. Not one of these beans was eaten by our hungry little wards in Southern France.

Can it be that Britain did not want America to continue to be the sole recipient of gratitude for feeding the children of France? We had won the affection and friendship of the whole nation. I would gladly have included Britain as one entitled to share in the goodwill and as one who made our work possible. Naively perhaps, I acted on the supposition that goodwill engendered for America was equivalent to goodwill toward the Allied cause.

The British Government had announced in 1940 that there would be no feeding in occupied countries. One can understand that position in 1940 when Britain, unarmed and alone, was using the blockade weapon to the fullest extent. But conditions are different today. Britain is now well armed and has powerful well-armed allies. Moreover, we are not asking for a general relaxing of the blockade but only for permission to send food to children, under rigid control and with proper guarantees. Experience in Greece and France has shown how it can be done without giving the slightest aid to Axis economy.

We may well be thankful that the British are a tenacious people, but can it be that Britain, having once taken a position against child feeding, refuses to change her position now that it has become indefensible because she fancies it might involve a loss of face? I cannot believe it and yet Britain did

refuse to permit feeding even though it involved no movement of food through the blockade.

During this same time, 1940-1942, we were helping British prisoners of war in unoccupied France, distributing packages and supplying information to the British Red Cross about these prisoners. And not only prisoners but many escaped British soldiers came to us hungry and without funds. We always fed them and gave them every assistance within our power. In July, 1940, before official means had been established for aiding British subjects in Southern France, there was great distress among many helpless elderly people living there. We advanced funds for their care until official channels could be opened. We never failed to be as helpful as we could to British subjects, and our relations with British officials in France, Spain, Portugal and elsewhere were most cordial.

I should like to point out also the great loyalty of the French people toward the British. Thousands of escaped British soldiers will testify to the fact that any French home would shelter them and share the last crust with them always risking their lives in so doing. The French people decorated the graves of British soldiers with flowers. They listened to the British radio. They endure British and American bombing with patience and understanding. They oppose the enemy at every turn and sacrifice their lives in untold numbers to advance the Allied cause. What I have said in this paragraph about the French people applies with equal force to the people of Norway, Holland, Belgium and the other occupied countries, for all of whom this plea is made.

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Mr. Chairman, I have found the British people quite as eager to send food to the children as we ourselves. Nothing that this country could do would be more popular among the British people than to insist that food be sent to the children. Look at this file of clippings. See these front-page editorials in the Spectator, and the educational supplement of the London Times. Note the editorials in the Glasgow Herald, the Manchester Guardian, the Daily Herald, the Catholic Times, and nearly all the religious and secular press of Great Britain. See the statements of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Famine Relief Committee. Look at these posters that are plastered all over England.

Why, then, does the British government continue to oppose feeding? I don't know, Mr. Chairman, but I think a situation exists there that was at one time during the Civil War paralleled in our own Government. President Lincoln and his Cabinet were debating an issue. Finally, Mr. Lincoln said, "All in favor say Aye" and he said "Aye." Then the President continued, "All op-

posed say No," and every member of the Cabinet said "No." Thereupon, Mr. Lincoln gravely announced, "The Ayes have it."

Whether feeding be opposed by one man or a few men is immaterial, the fact remains that the overwhelming expression of opinion in both countries is in favor of immediate help for the children of Nazi-dominated Europe. Whatever reasons there may have been for opposition three years ago or two years ago have now disappeared.

On the platform, over the radio and in the press of both Britain and America, I have paid high tribute to the integrity and capacity of the British people and to their Government. I have always advocated close cooperation between the two countries. I still do and shall so continue. It is the brightest hope of the future. The two countries should stand together, but on this issue the British have stood on us and not with us. Our Government has been prevented from doing what it knows ought to be done and what it would like to do for humanitarian as well as strategic reasons. This has become intolerable. Before we entered the war, we may have been right in following Britain's policy with reference to feeding. To have done otherwise would have been to have shown lack of sympathy and courtesy to a brave people making a valiant and single-handed stand for civilization, but, Mr. Chairman, now that we are equal partners and are carrying our full share of the load, there is no longer any excuse for stultifying the American conscience and remaining subservient to our great ally on this issue. If the democratic peoples of Europe perish and the Germans alone have the health to reconstruct Europe after the war, the British Government will bear the responsibility. Its unyielding policy of preventing the saving of the children of our friends and allies will be the cause.

You know, Mr. Chairman, that justice, mercy, strategy and the hope of the future demands that the liberty-loving peoples of Europe should not be allowed to perish. You know that one way to defeat Hitler is to prevent him from carrying out his purpose to destroy these people. Surely you want to do this, Mr. Chairman, and your fellow-citizens want to do it. They have made this clear to you through letters, resolutions, petitions and interviews. You have seen the outpouring of statements and editorials in the leading daily papers of this country and in our leading periodicals, all demanding that something be done to save the children of our stricken allies and friends who are doing their level best to help us now and whose help we shall need so sorely in reconstruction days.

We know that the President of the United States is well aware of this. We know that his heart and his head tell him that it ought to be done, and we know that he wants to do it. We want the President to know that we are squarely

back of him on this issue and that we will uphold his hands and back him to the last degree in taking whatever action may be necessary to bring it about. We love Britain but we simply cannot longer tolerate being forced into a cruel and indefensible position which is not only bad war strategy and bad diplomacy but will leave us with few friends in the future, after having sacrificed our long record of always being ready to go to the help of the needy. Mr. Chairman, if your best friend were making a serious mistake you would do your best to restrain him, and the closer he was in friendship to you the harder you would try to prevent the catastrophe. I feel exactly that same way about Britain except that we, as well as our friend, are involved in the tragedy. All honor to Britain for the noble stand she has made and is making, and thank God for the great leadership of her Prime Minister; but surely we are close enough

in friendship to our great ally to save her and ourselves from the needless sacrifice of millions of our best friends.

We know and approve of the efforts the President has made in behalf of the children and we honor him for them. We also know and approve of his diligence in maintaining cordial American-British relationships, but there comes a time, after long patience and years of delay, when the will of one man or a few men cannot be allowed to prevail against the good sense of our Commander-in-Chief, backed by the American Government, the American people, and, there is every reason to believe, a large majority of the British people.

The time has come, Mr. Chairman, for the President of the United States to refuse to take NO for an answer, even as Turkey refused to take it in answer to her demand that food be sent to Greece.

A Democratic Germany?

To what extent such a
development is possible

Waldemar Gurian

THE ABSENCE of war hysteria in the United States is impressively proved by the flood of articles advocating a mild peace for Germany and claiming that the German people cannot be made responsible for the crimes of nazism. To quote only a few examples: Mellon tries to show in the *American Political Science Review* (August, 1943), that democratic trends were always strong among the German electorate, and that a peaceful democracy can be secured in Germany if an expanding economy, and economic security for each German, is created. George N. Shuster pleads in the *Foreign Policy Reports* (Oct. 15, 1943) against a peace of harshness and revenge. He believes that "the threat of specific German rearmament is this time too remote to be of major importance," and he opposes emphatically any Polish claims not only for East Prussia, but apparently too for the restoration of the so-called Polish corridor. Dorothy Thompson supplements her apologia for the decent German, "Listen, Hans," by a pathetic article in *The American Mercury*. The reviewer of Lord Vansittart's book in the *New Republic* states correctly that Vansittartism, the demand for a severe dealing with Germany, will not have much success in this country.

One of these articles in behalf of the German people has been published in THE COMMONWEAL

of October 22. The author, F. A. Hermens, attempts first to demonstrate, with the help of the last books of Ferrero, "that tyranny stands in the center of our present difficulties." This régime without security produces continuous fear and therefore continuous urges for adventures and wars. Ferrero, it is said, "could have strengthened his case by referring to what might be called the classical theory of tyranny," as developed by Plato, Aristotle and utilized by Saint Thomas. Germany (and Italy and Japan) are tyrannies. Therefore the nazi régime is nothing new—it is one of the many régimes which have oppressed their own people. This tyranny can be replaced only by a democracy. We must give to the German people another chance to try democracy. A dangerous development in Germany could always be checked by overwhelming allied power—and the author concludes: "So why not allow the adherents of democracy in those nations [Germany, Italy, Japan] to prove that what laid the basis for aggression within their borders was the age-old spirit of tyranny rather than the peculiarities of their history and that they themselves can lay this spirit with the help of a working democracy?"

This approach seems to me to exclude any understanding of the events in our time, and therefore to prevent a correct answer to the question, How to deal with Germany? The author pictures

the Hitler régime as one of the many cases of classical tyranny which oppresses the people. Therefore, it is implied, the German people is simply one of the victims of nazism. This abstract reasoning avoids the decisive problem: Are there not some peculiarities of German history which explain the rise and success of the nazis?

For Dr. Hermens there are no national histories—there are only types of régimes rising and operating everywhere, in all nations. Why make the German people responsible for the nazis and their actions: alone responsible is “the age-old spirit of tyranny.” This apparently purely theoretical approach has very practical consequences. If the nazis win, the German people remain silent, because they are oppressed, and the nazis can act as they like without any visible opposition at home. But if the nazis are defeated, the Germans will welcome democracy, and cannot be held responsible for the crimes of their leaders.

If we do not approve Vansittartism, which has the tendency (despite denials of its author) to identify not only Germany, but all Germans with nazism and the nazis, we must also oppose a Vansittartism in reverse, which dissociates Germany and nazism completely. Such an attitude is harmful to the real interest of the German people, because it does not permit a true understanding of the forces which have made possible the rise and the success of Hitler. The antithesis, tyranny or democracy, is too vague when applied to German history. There are many Germans who do not like Hitler, who would never have introduced his régime and who disapprove of his methods but who are at the same time anti-democratic and authoritarian. I quote as a striking example Pastor Niemoeller, who has been for years in a concentration camp due to his courageous opposition to Hitler. He was, however, a strong opponent of democracy and was willing to volunteer at the beginning of this war, convinced that Germany (even under Hitler) had justice on her side. Surely there is a democratic tradition also in Germany, especially in cities like Hamburg and in the Southwest—but unfortunately this democratic tradition was defeated. The Frankfurt assembly of 1848 did not unite Germany; it was Bismarck, the Prussian Prime Minister.

It is customary to criticize books trying to prove the intellectual roots of nazism in German past, e.g., O’Butler, “The Origins of Nazism,” by pointing out that men like Fichte or Hegel were not forerunners of German ultranationalism, but must be studied in relationship to a humanitarian tradition absolutely opposed to nazism. What counts, however, is not the totality of their thought, nor their self-interpretation, but the aspects of their thought which exercised lasting influence, and which were remembered by leading intellectuals as well as by the political élite. Democracy was

regarded in Germany in many important circles as something non-German. Those who advocated a kind of specific German and Prussian constitutionalism opposed democracy most emphatically. One could quote many passages from Thomas Mann’s “Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen,” published during the last war (though of course Thomas Mann no longer professes many of the views he held at that time). And there is the remarkable essay, “Troeltsch,” in which he shows how the tradition behind the western democracy was defeated in Germany. I do not say that this German anti-democratism necessarily results in nazism—on the contrary, it is often inclined to regard nazism as the consequence of the attempt to impose democracy upon Germany. I allude to this anti-democratic German tradition in order to show that no serious analysis of the German scene can result in the simple demand that Germany ought again be given a chance to become democratic. There are many possibilities that in a post-nazi Germany non-democratic forces will be much stronger (perhaps not in number, but in influence, in their hold upon the people) than those favoring majority rule, the two-party system, etc.

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The real issue facing us, if we try to determine the character of post-Hitler Germany, can only be grasped if we recall the peculiar German attitude towards politics and public responsibility. A man like Bismarck often complained about the servile spirit so widespread in Germany, about the absence of “civic courage.” The German is inclined to take orders and to execute them, even if he has most serious doubts about their morality. Max Scheler, the great German philosopher of the post-war years, has pointed out in a famous analysis of the German national character that it is a German illness to be torn between the interior world of the soul and the exterior world of action. The German does not believe himself to be responsible for what is going on if he fulfills orders, and if he acts as a member of a military or civil service organization. He is interested exclusively in the utmost efficiency, though sometimes he suffers even under the tragic situation when he is compelled to perform actions which he does not like, which he rejects as immoral and bad in his conscience.

How did this mentality become powerful and dominant? I think that there are many contributing historical and social factors. It would be wrong exclusively to accuse Lutheranism of belief in the strong prince who imposes order upon the exterior world and punishes the anarchic tendencies of the people (e.g., the rebellious peasants during Luther’s lifetime). The peculiar character of the Prussian state and its philosophy of duty—which is pictured so impressively in Kahler’s “Man the Measure”—is at least as important as Luther-

anism (which, by the way, did not prevent a democratic tradition in Sweden). The political incapacity of the German liberals and the political capacity of Bismarck in the nineteenth century were surely most influential. Max Weber believed that the one-man rule by Bismarck and similar policies under Wilhelm II prevented the rise of a politically able élite in Germany which he believed could be produced by selective processes under democracy. But this belief was disproved by the Weimar Republic. If we study German history we discover sincere democrats, but not democrats strong enough to maintain and exercise power. Mellon presents a devastating case against democracy in Germany when he points out that democratic tendencies were always strong among the German electorate. Unfortunately, that did not prevent the defeat of democracy. Electoral statistics alone cannot reveal the organization of political power in Germany. One must also study the groups which were really in control, and which were sometimes intelligent enough to permit a certain amount of liberty and public discussion to the German *bourgeoisie*. As conscientious a student of German history as H. Rosenberg claims, in the *American Historical Review*, that the Junkers were always the real leaders, in different disguises and under different titles. Their spirit was the leading spirit, even if there were groups—like the civil service—opposing and disliking them.

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But what about the nazis? Hitler and his intimate henchmen have surely not the same social and traditional background as the forces which ruled the empire of Bismarck and of Wilhelm II. They came into power by utilizing the dislike of these circles for the Weimar Republic and their lack of self-confidence. These circles realized that they needed men who would know how to handle the masses—they had been frightened by the events of 1918, the failure of the Kapp Putsch, etc. Hitler knew how to exploit them, how to rise from servant to master. (For details cf. "Sources of Hitler's Power," *The Review of Politics*, 1942.) But Hitler acted at the same time as the executor of their wishes. If they opposed Hitler they did it only because they did not believe that he could really destroy the treaty of Versailles, accomplish a gigantic rearmament, start a successful war, conquer France and the European continent. The German opposition during the first years of Hitler's régime criticized him (and that only silently) because it was believed that Hitler could not carry out his boasting promises to make Germany a world power. And this opposition is rising again (and will perhaps result in Hitler's downfall), as Germany's defeat becomes clearer.

Hitler's Third Reich would have been impossible without its link with the German traditional-

ist forces—army and civil service—and without the technical spirit of the German experts, who are interested in efficiency and organization, but are not concerned with ends and aims. That does not mean that there was no competition and struggle between the nazis and the conservatives—the nazis knew that they were never accepted completely, and the conservatives knew that they were regarded by Hitler always as tools and instruments, one day to be replaced by the products of the pure nazi education. But they were held together by the belief that the greatness of Germany demanded it. (And the greatness of Germany was identified with Germany's power.) The same men who probably opposed many measures of Hitler were at the same time his most useful instruments. Personal integrity did not prevent the public acceptance of nazism—that was regarded as a duty, an obligation towards Germany.

If the nazi régime disappears, it is likely that some non-democratic authoritarian régime will appear in Germany. G. N. Shuster apparently also believes that—for he claims that there can be no elections held in Central Europe for the next twenty-five years. The decisive question will be: How to make this régime break with the aggressive tradition which reached its peak under Hitler? Some will advocate a dismemberment of Germany—they believe that the Prussian tradition cannot be undone, that the kind of unification realized in Germany makes a change to peaceful policies unlikely and impossible. But the objection must be made: Can the disintegration of Germany be successfully organized? That this objection has nothing to do with pro-Germanism is shown by the fact that neither Clémenceau nor his most trusted collaborator, Tardieu, believed that Germany's unity could be destroyed.

Tardieu concedes that in his book written to defend the Treaty of Versailles. The tradition of several Germanies cannot be restored again; there are economic and social factors which would keep the German Reich together even after some reorganization of German economics. Of course this belief that it is not possible to return to a state of affairs that existed in the eighteenth century does not mean that any changes in German frontiers as they existed before 1939 have to be rejected. There are some who believe that a stronger independent Austria can be created by permitting a union with Bavaria (after having revoked the Anschluss of 1938). In any case, a rejection of the dismemberment of Germany does not mean that a complete reorganization of Germany is out of the question. I do not think that the fact of Prussia's democratic government during the Weimar Republic—so much detested by the Prussian Junkers—is an argument against plans for Prussia's dismemberment. The Prussian spirit was stronger than the administration of the social-

ist Prussian Prime Minister Otto Braun and his democratic and centrist colleagues. That a political decentralization alone is sufficient may also be argued. Socialization of the property of monopoly capitalists has its dangerous aspects—it could result in supporting the foundations of a totalitarian régime. There is no guarantee that the democratic elements among German socialists will always remain strong enough to prevent a new rise of the totalitarian system. The weakness of German labor and socialist groups in the face of the nazis speaks against that.

Dr. Hermens mentions—at least indirectly—the necessity that Germany restore what she confiscated throughout Europe. But beside the special problems of an economic reconstruction—continental economy was reorganized according to German needs, disregarding non-German interests—there is the general problem of the relations between Germany and the peoples who have been so gravely harmed by the nazi methods. A systematic depopulation was organized by the Hitler régime. How can these losses in vital strength be restored? Shall the military defeat of Hitler be accompanied by a peace maintaining the balance of economics and population created by the nazis? This question is overlooked by those who are inclined to reject as unchristian the public letter of the great Catholic writer, Sigrid Undset, expressing a lasting distrust towards Germany. Of course Sigrid Undset does not advocate the use of nazi methods as used against Poland and against France—the separation of the French prisoners from their wives was one of the means of decreasing the future French population—but it cannot be denied that mild conditions for Germany which are imposed by those who have not directly suffered under the nazi conquest will create a most serious psychological problem for the future. It is easy to be generous if one has not himself suffered. This kind of generosity would appear as a kind of hypocrisy or as a lack of understanding. It would surely not help to decrease antagonisms in Europe. And such a policy would surely not help those forces in Germany who are opposed to a cult of brutality and amoral efficiency. They would be told again and again that “our opponents are after all decadent, they do not dare to act, they are sentimental humanitarians, cowards, etc. And the war has after all paid—the destruction of other states in Europe has made Germany the most powerful.”

The very necessity of avoiding, in the interest of the world and of the German people, any appearance of gullibility, demands that one postpone a democratic régime in Germany. It is much wiser to let non-democratic German leaders take the responsibility for the difficult times at the end of the war. Shall the story be told again that German democrats were responsible for the capi-

tulation and the acceptance of an unfavorable peace and armistice? Democracy cannot be ruled out for a far future in Germany, it is true. The belief that national traits are unchangeable is wrong—the Swedes are today a peace loving people, after having been regarded as the most militaristic people in the seventeenth century. But that does not mean that a people can change overnight. A German defeat which would make it appear that only a few nazi leaders were responsible (who in a mysterious way compelled the whole German people to accept and fulfill most meticulously their orders) would not help the German people to change radically their attitude toward politics and their acceptance of the groups which made Hitler possible. Germany is not helped politically by a policy of weakness which will justify only those who believe that the attempt of world conquest by the nazis failed for technical reasons. The change in the German élites which exercise the real political and social power and are not only figureheads, cannot be the immediate result of a military defeat, but has to be brought about by lasting experiences which prove that a war does really end badly for those who—by their activity or passive complacency—are responsible for it.

The Stage & Screen

Winged Victory

JUST in case you haven't heard, read about, or struggled with its around-the-corner box-office queue, this is to let you know that Moss Hart's tribute to the Army Air Forces has reached Forty-Fourth Street; raising its curtain at 20.15 sharp every evening to demand unconditional surrender from you and me, and anyone else lucky enough to be armed with a pair of paste-boards and as many handkerchiefs as possible. Quite simply, the show is an achievement. Employing a cast of characters and supers numbering in the two hundreds and setting them in a sequence of seventeen scenes, Moss Hart's book follows six assorted American kids right through the vicissitudes of Air Force Training and into actual combat in the South Pacific. And at its final curtain, one feels that the document is as authentic in its rejections as it is in its choice of incident. Certainly the childishness of the protagonists and of much of the sentiment involved is a matter of statistical record; few of our fliers being over twenty-five years of age and the majority far less. And if the succession of speeches delivered by adult Army officials seem little more than a sequence of platitudes, I am firmly convinced that this also is a matter of fact, since it is a truism that military routine does not seem to encourage any easy exercise of the imagination. And finally, if the last curtain falls on no solution but only on the inarticulate, dogged hope that the carnage and agony must somehow be worth the future; this does, I think, place responsibility exactly

where it belongs: right in the laps of the spectators themselves. As playwright, Mr. Hart has attempted nothing that he has not been able to fulfill and he has used the theater very honorably indeed.

And as director, he is responsible for a stupendous and physically admirable production. With music written and arranged by Sergeant David Rose, who also directs the excellent orchestra; with splendid choruses led by Second Lieutenant Leonard de Paur; and most of all, with the series of seventeen separately brilliant settings designed by Sergeant Harry Horner, Mr. Hart has used his advantages to the hilt to build a show that moves smoothly and inevitably on its course. Regarding performance, it is unfortunate that sheer weight of numbers makes it impossible to give all the credit due. My choice among the principals goes to Private Barry Nelson's sensitive interpretation of the lad from Oregon, and I should like particularly to mention the small, hilarious, unidentifiable private on the balcony in the barracks street scene, also Private Harry Lewis's distinctive contribution later on before the academic board at the classification center. Among the scenes themselves, my certain preference goes to the one placed in the examination room at the center, since here we are introduced to a large slice of that technical magic which is of the essence in the war in which we are engaged. And I wish Mr. Hart had been able to use somewhat less of the sentimental and rather more of this material, not only because of its eminent theatricality but also because it gives such a sure indication of the especial skill and intelligence, as well as heroism, being spent at the front.

In conclusion, it is only necessary to add that nothing would have been possible without the support of the long staff of technicians and assistants whose combined efforts resulted in the show's making its dateline after a rehearsal period of only two weeks, thereby justifying the Army's favorite slogan—that the impossible takes no time at all. (*At the 44th Street.*)

Get Away Old Man

SO-SO SAROYAN, this squandered effort is not of much use to anyone. Reportedly the result of the author's recent sojourn in Hollywood, the script gives us a young writer (genius) in opposition to an aging movie producer (villain) and nobody quite knows why. Wandering in and out of the maze come also a lovable drunk (friend), a scattered young girl (eternal woman), and a mysterious manicurist (your mother and mine). What all this adds up to is two unrelenting acts of hearsay concerning the writer in question (admittedly the author himself), a device which always produces a sense of frustration in an audience who, after the third reiteration of such phrases as "This is HE!" are unanimously and justifiably apt to reply, "So what?" This in addition to a most shocking third act which sprawls all over the second, re-writing it before one's eyes, most and most certainly produced on the spur of the money and very late in the day. And again, as always on a Saroyan evening, echoes of purer men consistently arise to trouble the already troubled air. On Thursday, I was only able to trace some of the

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autobiographical material of Sean O'Casey, the foremost trick employed by Hecht and MacArthur in "The Front Page," and a good idea—a blackboard—first used by my most cherished of modern French dramatists, Marcel Achard. Although he has never to my knowledge quoted anyone, Mr. Saroyan has always been a great, horizontal, and spectacular reader. I wonder why he always wants to use everything without knowing it at all.

In the part of the writer, Richard Widmark does an honest job, and it is not to his discredit that he ends up on the wrong side of the audience every time the curtain falls. After some fifteen years of enthusiasm, this is enchantingly my first opportunity to record my admiration and respect for Glenn Anders's broken-voiced and sensitive interpretations, and I am not saving any space in getting it down. His work as "The Drunk" of the evening, in spite of its insignificance, is excellent enough and salutary enough to keep almost everyone in the theater until the bitter end. Further than this I can only say that I thought George Abbott's familiar back-to-the-front direction did what it could, and that John Root's second set gave him every possible opportunity. (*At the Cort.*)

The American Negro Theater

ON THURSDAY, Friday and Saturday nights, the American Negro Theater is at present offering the Broadway comedy "Three Is a Family" at the Library Theater. An intrepid group, including such veterans as Jackie Andre, Fred O'Neal, and a newcomer, Helen Martin, whose handling of the Maid I very much liked, this organization has been in existence for the last few seasons under the direction of Abram Hill, its ultimate aim being the establishment of a permanent Negro theater in Harlem. If you feel that this John Golden farce is your dish and can use a number of rich laughs, I think a trip to One Thirty-Fifth Street will be worth your while. Personally, I should prefer to discuss their work in detail in another play and I hope another of their ultimate aims will be to beg, borrow, steal, kidnap, or simply find a playwright. I imagine they will. (*At the Library Theater, 103 West 135th Street.*) KAPPO PHELAN.

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GIVE WAR BONDS FOR CHRISTMAS

Shall We Join the Ladies?

WHAT with so many war films with all-male casts coming out of Hollywood, it was inevitable that an all-female picture would soon turn up. "Cry 'Havoc'" isn't entirely maleless, but the few men seen are treated as supernumeraries or background cases for our heroines to tend. Once again the locale is Bataan 1942, when our troops were used in a delaying action. This situation was pretty well covered in "So Proudly We Hail" which also concentrated on nurses and melodrama. While "Cry 'Havoc'" succeeds in painting a stark picture of war and one that pays sincere tribute to the valiant women who stuck it out in the Philippines, the film seems strangely contrived and artificial. This is no doubt due to the fact that the girls are such carefully selected and obvious types: the strip-teaser who is later shot in one of her valuable legs, the brainless Southern belle who attracts boy friends, the fashion writer who is afraid she won't be able to take it, the pianist who becomes shell shocked, the artist who learns to fire an anti-aircraft gun, the girl-of-all-trades who has batted around and carries a very large chip on her shoulders, etc., etc., down the line. Paul Osborn's script goes in for talk more than action. In fact, for a war picture, amazingly little happens on the screen; we see the women more often in their assigned dug-out behaving like "The Women" than going about their nursing duties. The absence of men is a phony device in a war film, particularly in one instance in which two of the girls are competing for the same man whom we hear but never see. Strangely enough the girls go in and out of this lieutenant's office, but the camera is not allowed to enter it until after he is killed. Director Richard Thorpe, obviously cramped by the demands of this unnatural screenplay, worked hard with his cast; and Margaret Sullivan, Joan Blondell, Ann Sothorn, Ella Raines, to mention only a few of the thirteen actresses involved, manage to give moving performances. The film's brightest line derides Americans who always believe in the happy ending. Anyone expecting a happy ending to "Cry 'Havoc'" will be disappointed, for the movie, like Allan R. Kenward's play on which it is based, winds up grimly with the girls leaving the dug-out at the command of their Japanese captors.

For those who prefer to see women *with* men in films, there are two new musicals, both of which are about as far from reality as escapist films can get. "The Gang's All Here" is one of those lush technicolor extravaganzas with songs, girls, comedians, dancers, orchestras and over-sized stages on which beautiful ladies of the ensemble parade, romp and make complicated formations that the camera photographs from the ceiling. It also has a plot—about a show girl who is two-timed by a wealthy sergeant; but it hardly seems possible that four writers could turn out such inanities. The point of the film however is its entertainment values which include something and someone of all varieties of tastes. Alice Faye sings some fetching new songs by Leo Robin and Harry Warren when she's not busy making eyes at James Ellison. Phil Baker clownes around and is at his best when carrying on with Charlotte Greenwood who is at her best when she's showing a jitterbug youngster that she's no back number. Tony DeMarco

dances, and Benny Goodman and his orchestra are in top form with the good music. But my favorite sequences are those in which Carmen Miranda appears. She is quite wonderful to watch in either stage or street clothes. Sometimes it is hard to tell one from the other, but usually she has more things piled on her head when she's singing or dancing than when she's just chasing Edward Everett Horton who calls her "that South American savage." And she looks ravishing even with the bananas piled high in the number about "The Lady with the Tutti Frutti Hat." You think when you see it that this is the production number to end all production numbers: it's so bigger and better and more beautiful; but it's nothing compared to the numbers that follow when the whole cast puts on a show on one of those pre-war, Hollywood-conceived, Long Island estates. And the finale! Well! It combines all the latest technicolor devices with all the kaleidoscope effects and should send Roxy audiences cheering to the rafters. It is that colossal.

In "*The Heat's On*" Mae West is surrounded by a good cast who hold the spotlight very well while she is off the screen changing some of her fabulous costumes. Although Mae is no longer the glamorous, publicity-wise figure of "Diamond Lil" days, she still rolls a mean hip and murmurs her lines with the West innuendo. But if you go to this picture at all, you will most likely go to see Xavier Cugat, Victor Moore and Hazel Scott. And you will be rewarded. Miss Scott does a couple of swell numbers in her inimitable style that has made her a nightclub favorite. Cugat and his orchestra give out with Latin rhythms that make staying in your seat difficult. And Victor Moore, who can add charm to any rôle, succeeds in being lovable again—even as the addled younger brother of the crusader (Almira Sessions) who closes Miss West's show, "*Indiscretions of 1943*." The plot thought up for all these people is silly and dull. Gregory Ratoff's direction is pretty lifeless considering the people he had to work with; and the film's editing is sloppy. In fact the picture's merits that you are likely to remember afterward are not cinematic at all, but are borrowed from other fields of entertainment: David Lichine's dancing, Leonard Jues' tricky cornet number, Hazel Scott playing two pianos, Cugat's orchestra, a fancy production number done with mist and cellophane leaves and sung to a good tune called "Thinkin' About the Wabash," and one lovely little litty that Victor Moore puts over as he sings about the disappointing fruits of victory gardening.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

In Search of Ireland

DAVID MARSHALL

THE DAY Kevin Barry was hanged, some twenty-three years ago, all Dublin closed up shop, and twenty thousand people knelt and prayed outside the prison gates. Among them, sick at heart, was an English officer in mufti. He bought a tawdry souvenir of the occasion, a cotton handkerchief on which was printed a crude portrait of Barry surrounded by the pictures of Pone, Fitzgerald, Emmet, Napper Tandy, and—Hamilton

Rowan. After more than a century, Hamilton Rowan was still a hero to the Irish people. The English officer hid the handkerchief away among his precious belongings. The English officer was the great-great-grandson of Hamilton Rowan.

He was also the son of Sir Arthur Nicolson, England's famous Permanent Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He was himself an officer of the Fifteenth Hussars. And his brother Harold was rather high up in the English Diplomatic Service.

You remember Killyleagh, of course. You remember the old song, anyhow:

Saint Patrick was a gentleman, and came of dacent people.
At Killyleagh he built a church, and on it put a steeple.

This officer of the Fifteenth remembered Killyleagh; and this brother of his, Harold Nicolson, remembers it perhaps a little poignantly. As boys they lived all over Europe; their father moved from capital to capital as Secretary of Legation, as British Minister, as British Ambassador. And, homeless, they looked with hungry longing to what might have been their home. They sometimes passed vacations there. It was the childhood home of their mother, the former Mary Catherine Hamilton. It was Killyleagh Castle, where precisely at a quarter past eleven o'clock each day the butler entered the library with cake and Marsala and the London newspapers. Life was lovely at Killyleagh Castle, and a boy could feel that sense of security that comes, and comes alone, of having roots deep in a homeland of his own.

But just beyond the lakes and woods of the castle demesne, beyond the ordered propriety of gravel paths and weedless lawns, out in the wild untidiness of the Ards where the smell of sea-weed was in the air, "Ireland asserted her eternal shambling sway." There were Catholics in those parts—a dangerous people, rebellious, treacherous, alien. "What are Catholics?" the seven-year-old Harold Nicolson demanded; and with blazing eyes the castle carpenter replied: "They are evil men." That was simple enough; but it only added to the boy's distress. The trouble was that Lady Nicolson, the mother of Harold Nicolson, had a wild and unaccountable love of just those Irish people. And she had no shame, but rather gloried in the fact, that her own great-grandfather was once upon a time sentenced to be hanged as an Irish rebel. This was hard for a boy to understand.

Harold Nicolson today is 56 years old, and a Member of Parliament. In this book,* he tries to understand his mother and his mother's people, for "I was different; even from her." He goes "in search of the past," he tells us. He goes back to that strange rebel ancestor of his, that Archibald Hamilton Rowan. He tries earnestly to understand that enthusiastic giant of a man who, in a very childish way, was simply in love with Liberty and Justice and all things good—and who was big enough, in his bright green uniform, to beat the daylights out of anybody who stood for Despotism and Injustice and all things bad.

*The Desire to Please: a Story of Hamilton Rowan and the United Irishmen. Harold Nicolson. Harcourt. \$3.50.

I should say, then, that this book is hardly a "biography of Hamilton Rowan," as the dust-cover says; rather, it is the story of Harold Nicolson's quest for that something admirable that would light up and explain what he ardently wished to know about his mother's family. You must understand this to begin with, or you will miss the whole point of a decidedly worthwhile book.

In Irish history Hamilton Rowan is remembered mainly for three things: he was one of that group of Free Masons who in 1791 organized the United Irishmen in Dublin; he brought Lord Edward Fitzgerald into rebel politics; and in 1794—in *absentia*, for he had meanwhile broken jail and fled to France—he was sentenced to be hanged for treason. In France he was powerfully shocked by the frightfulness of the Revolution; and, to escape the Terror, he fled to America. He was here all through the Irish Rebellion of 1798. Seven years later, kneeling before the King's commissioner in London, he made his peace, and received that plenary pardon which enabled him, in 1806, to return to Ireland, where—thanks to Lord Castlereagh, his old friend—Killyleagh Castle and all the rest of his properties were restored to him. Upon his conviction of treason, these had been technically confiscated, but not actually, for his wife had been allowed to keep possession of them all through the years of his exile; the tenants realized, of course, that she could not legally sue for rent or dispossess them, and some took advantage of the situation, but others paid their rent, and she was able to get along. Then, until his death some twenty-eight years later on, Hamilton Rowan lived at Killyleagh Castle, all that time a hero of the Irish patriotic press and public.

★

Mr. Nicolson refers to all this, and incidentally touches upon one of the major problems that still confront the historian of Hamilton Rowan's time—why was it that Dublin Castle, with appalling consequences for its own future reputation, seized and convicted on obviously trumped up charges so many leaders of the revolutionary cabal? Mr. Nicolson offers a shrewd guess that what really happened was that Dublin Castle had all the proof necessary to hang them, but wished above all things to avoid hanging them, and found a way out of the dilemma by placing each man safely in prison for two or three years, thus closing the books upon him and covering up a true record of overt acts of treason. Certainly Dublin Castle knew every secret of the United Irishmen, because Leonard MacNally, the member in whose home the inner circle usually met, was a Castle agent from the beginning. And certainly the case of Hamilton Rowan would seem to bear out Mr. Nicolson's belief.

As for Hamilton Rowan personally, Mr. Nicolson decides, in the end, that "his moral courage was less than his physical courage," and that he gave less thought to principle than to winning the praise and approbation of others; in short, that the main cause of every foolish thing he did—and "foolish" is the word for Hamilton Rowan—was his fateful "desire to please." But he rather admires the old man just the same, because he was not sly and secretive, but open and aboveboard even when it came to

planning a rebellion; because he never avoided a fight but went out of his way to find it; and because he was, above all, in an age of meanness, magnanimous.

But has he really "understood" this ancestor of his? I think he has—for at the close of his book he tells us, in a touching passage, how his eldest brother, the officer of the Fifteenth Hussars, was at the prison gate when Kevin Barry died.

Editors' Choice

ROOTS IN THE EARTH. P. Alston Waring and Walter Magness Teller. Harper. \$2.50.

CLEMENCEAU. Geoffrey Bruun. Harvard. \$3.00.

A Pillar of Our Democracy

THERE have been plenty of current volumes dealing with the delights and adventure in going back to the land. Not a few have indicated various ways to make a go of it. Several have been in praise of family farming as a way of life. There are all these elements in the Waring and Teller volume, but "Roots in the Earth" deals primarily with the importance and present situation of the small farmer in America. The two authors, both successful family-type farmers in their own right, provide a sound and readable diagnosis and their remedies have been well tested in actual practice.

According to the latest figures, two-thirds of our 6,000,000 farm families earn in cash from sales and in kind consumed at home less than \$1,000 a year; one-quarter of these families have total incomes in cash and kind together of \$600 a year or less. With these low-income groups home sanitation is lacking, hospitals and doctors are scarce, public health and educational facilities are woefully inadequate. Meanwhile the 200,000 big farmers and agricultural corporations who produce 85 percent of our crops wax fat. The poor farmer has gone down the ladder from straight owner to owner with a mortgage to paying tenant to sharecropper to helpless migratory farm worker. "This widening of the economic gap between big and little farmers is a chief characteristic of our farm situation." The current success of the powerful Farm Bloc in Congress widens it even further.

The Farm Security Administration is threatened with extinction simply because the big farmers much prefer to have the little farmers work for them. Not only that, but they fear that if the FSA succeeds with the small farmer it will increase over-all production (which we sorely need at least for the next few years) and eventually threaten new surpluses and lower prices. It is as simple as that. Money values have been winning out over human values and the small farmer is being deprived of the fruit of his labor—which cries to Heaven for vengeance. The small farmer is insufficiently organized and has comparatively little or no resources with which to fight. America's urban majority does not realize what is at stake.

But the 3,000,000 family-type farmers can do a great deal more to help themselves than become active members of the one socially-minded major farm organization, the Farmers Union. A good part of the solution is local—much as government funds could help there. First it means getting together with one's neighbors on flood control and soil conservation; cooperative credit, buying and selling; cooperative rural electrification, medicine, insurance; pro-

ducing as much as possible for home consumption to diversify cultivation, build health and save cash. The county agent of the Department of Agriculture should be consulted all along the line so that the best hybrid seed and most efficient mechanical methods can be utilized.

Federal financing is also needed for the Tenant Purchase program with the feasible interest of 3, not 6, percent. Much could be done if the Department of Agriculture would decentralize administration and greatly increase farmer representation in its personnel. There should be widespread opportunity to learn sound farming methods, far better rural public schools. Credit facilities and terms must be greatly liberalized. All farm workers and managers should be included in Social Security. Large government warehouses must be operated in every large metropolitan center for the benefit of the small farmer who, when prices drop, often finds himself unable to realize the cost of production. Much, in fact, can be done.

American farms are the homes of one-third of the nation's children. The commodities which they produce are essential in peace and in war. Perhaps what is needed most of all here is a grasp of the community of interest between city worker and farmer. The Farm Bloc could not, for instance, ride roughshod over the Subsidy Plan, if urban representatives in Washington heard unmistakably from the folks back home that inflation would be the ruination of us all. And the only hope of making the American economy work after the war is to expand rather than curtail production. That is why the interests of the whole nation lie with the small farmer rather than the ruthless big operators (who are forever curtailing production to hike prices), with the Farmers Union, the genuine cooperatives, the Farm Security Administration, the authors of this important book.

Père La Victoire

GEOFFREY BRUUN has written a biography of Clemenceau for a series called "Makers of Modern Europe" in which have already appeared a "Napoleon III" by Albert Guérard and a "Nietzsche" by Crane Brinton. So that you can say I am not interested in Nietzsche but the Napoleon might be interesting, or the other way round, or you can say I am not interested in biography, or, in the case of Clemenceau, you can say I am bored with the French; you can say that there can be no compulsion about reading books. There is of course no compulsion to try to understand this world or this war, or the last war, or the hopes for peace that came after the last war, or the hopes that there may be peace after this war. It may all be too complicated, and certainly everyone is free to daydream, right up to the gates of the concentration camp, right up to starvation, right up to the induction center, right up to death. It's a matter of taste. But for anyone who reads about the war in the papers, who reads volume after volume about the causes of the war, book after book about war aims, plan after plan for the peace, that is to say for anyone who is committed avowedly to a desire to know what it is all about, there is no avoiding the fact that it is absolutely necessary to read this biography of Clemenceau. From the moment that this book exists on the market it has become an unavoidable necessity for anyone concerned with the war, and with the end of the war and the transition to peace, to put aside every book about the war and the peace and not make any more plans, nor entertain any more dreams of vengeance or of

This Publishing Business

WHAT TORMENTS MAN

The main stream of English writing of the last fifty years is the shallowest large expanse of writing in the history of the world. Call it shallowness, call it thinness: a brilliant surface but you can't swim in it or dive in it or even drown in it. "Out of the depth have I cried"—every literature has had that, but not this literature: it had plenty of crying but no depth. "The waters have entered even unto my soul"—almost every literature has that too: but not these waters; and there wasn't any soul. For this was the high noon of human sufficiency, that happy dream, that idiot dream. These were the men who had lost God and did not feel the loss; the appetites that religion used to feed had simply stopped being appetites; they were dying of inanition without the pangs of hunger.

French writing was not like that. It had as much godlessness as anything across the Channel or the Atlantic; but it was a tormented godlessness. God had gone, but had left the huge gap of His going. French literature was haunted by His absence.

Nor was the French midstream so entirely of one sort as the English. Alongside the men of no religion or no particular religion were the Catholics—from Baudelaire and Rimbaud to Mauriac and Claudel. The trouble is that English and American readers, accustomed to ignore the Faith in English, has not the eyes to see it in French. Integral Catholics like Claudel they ignore altogether; in the mixed and muddled Catholics like Baudelaire they concentrate on other elements in the mixture. But this is not only to leave out half of modern French literature but to miss half of what they did read: for in the Catholic writers they would have found the clue to what troubles the rest.

Wallace Fowlie's *Clowns and Angels* is the only book (known to us anyway) that surveys the whole stream. And note that it is one stream and not two. Proust, Gide, Cocteau, Malraux, Romain, Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Valéry, Claudel, Mauriac: they have one powerfully unifying thing in common—"an insatiable need to investigate what torments man." Such an investigation keeps the dignity of man alive: for the sole dignity of man without God is to be in torment. English contemporary writing (what I have called the main stream) lacks anguish as completely as it lacks ecstasy: its "man" has not the vitality for either: there are too many nerves in him that don't respond any more. He knows suffering, of course, and wants happiness; but both at a horribly meagre level; one feels that some creature a good deal less than man would have sufficed for such suffering and such happiness.

But in the French writers the nerves are all alive, the nerves of the spirit as well as the nerves of the body. I do not well know what could do so much for our own deadness as reading them. Wallace Fowlie's book reads strangely to us because the criticism we are used to has no resources to cope with realities that had not in a long lifetime come its way. But they are realities, and our minds are shrunken for want of them.

F. J. S.

CLOWNS & ANGELS, Studies in Modern French Literature, by Wallace Fowlie. \$2.50

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the freedoms, of federations or of alliances until he has read and meditated upon this life of Clemenceau. Why?

Because until you have decided what you think of Clemenceau you cannot decide what you think about this war, these Germans, the end that will be reached in this war, the peace that will follow the war. Unless you know about Clemenceau, decide about Clemenceau, everything you think about the war and the peace will be remote from the reality of the past and—if the present is not of a different nature from the past—remote also from the realities of the present. It is not enough to know about Wilson and decide what you think about Wilson. Because Wilson in Paris had no Clemenceau to remember: Wilson could not look back and remember the example of Clemenceau. Wilson was living in a future he failed to create. If we think of Wilson we are not remembering the past; we are remembering a future which proved to be only a dream, a future which never existed. We are remembering a man's dream.

It is not because Clemenceau was a Frenchman who thought of France first, it is not because he sought from England and the United States guarantees for France's security which were granted him and then withdrawn, nor because he foresaw that the Germans would invade France again. If that were all, one could say he was a Frenchman, interesting particularly to Frenchmen and not necessarily to us. It is because Clemenceau did not believe that the world could be perfected over night that he is important. Clemenceau had seen that every cause in which he had ever believed burned as a lamp brightly for a time and then as a lamp flickered for a time. Mr. Bruun quotes Péguy: "The consideration, the issue, the essential thing, is that, in each order, in each system, the *mystique* shall not be swallowed up by the politics to which it has given birth." And Mr. Bruun comments: "Clemenceau had fought to preserve the *mystique* [of Democracy] . . . but save in a few supreme moments, as the Dreyfus contest or the high points of the war, the noble and unselfish dream had faded among the soiled realities of politics."

Clemenceau, the unbeliever, had the Christian sense of the perfectibility of the world and the Christian pessimism as to any brusque triumph in this world of man's age-long effort.

That is what you have to decide about. Clemenceau would say now about the Four Freedoms, the Charter, and all the rest of this war's *mystique* what he said then about the League of Nations. He would say that politics would soil the noblest plans and he would talk about security again.

When he said these things in Paris after the armistice, Wilson could not judge whether he was right or wrong, and we could not judge. We said that it would take time before we could judge, that history would be the judge. And as the years passed there were Briand and Stresemann and it looked as if history were going to pronounce judgment against Clemenceau. In 1927 Mr. Bruun quotes Clemenceau: "In six months, a year, five years, ten years, when they wish and as they wish, the Boches will invade us." In 1939 it looked as if history had pronounced a judgment in favor of Clemenceau. But history really has decided nothing. We are still left alternating between an immense admiration for Clemenceau and a refusal to deny all that we have believed in during the two wars. But this uncertainty, this ideal coexisting with the real—and the sordid—this alternance is not a defect which can be remedied, it is the closest approach to the truth of our

human existence. History does not and cannot prove that such a man as Clemenceau, or any historical figure, was right or wrong. History insists only that Clemenceau was an essential element in a mixed reality, that he carried with him, with immense courage and lucidity, the reminder that human societies are not angelic. It is not at all a message of despair.

After all this, Mr. Bruun has the right to know that we think his book brilliantly written, impartial and of absorbing and sustained interest.

More Books of the Week

Against This Rock. Louis Zara. Creative Age. \$2.75.

GIVEN a dream to guide him, a vision which proved as illusive as all material things, Charles V (1500-1558), King of Spain and Holy Roman Emperor, sought peace, unity of religion and political power beyond the barrier of boundaries for a Europe which did not want these blessings, and which misread his motives and judged him mad for personal power and gold and military honors. This is the concept of the Emperor drawn in a triumphant, heroic-sized novel. Whether Charles was really as noble as this, it is impossible to prove. There are documents to the contrary, and other historical interpretations. As a character of fiction he is real and magnificent.

The novelist has done the almost impossible in writing 635 pages on each of which Charles himself dominates the action. The novel becomes a play, in which the chief character is always on the stage; better than this, the reader becomes Charles, and thinks and acts like him, and absorbs his Spanish outlook, his recollections of Ghent, his suspicions of a hostile world. To focus the spotlight in this way on Christendom seen through one pair of eyes, and not to destroy the sharpness of hundreds of minor characters, is an amazing achievement. An excellent sense of proportion has been maintained: characters assume the same size on the printed page that they did in the history of the imperial career. The secondary figures are all out of history itself: his insane mother, Joanna; the vain Maximilian, who preceded him as Emperor; his brother, Ferdinand, who was assuaged by minor crowns; his sisters—Leonore, whose second unfortunate state marriage was to Francis I, the sturdy, intelligent Marie, Regent of the Netherlands, Isabeau, tragic wife of the rakish king of Denmark—and a crowd of others.

The very pageantry necessary to parade even as small a group as these is obviously great: it is here in all its color and pomp and motion. There is High Mass, described with care, the storming of Tunis, a flight through the Brenner Pass, coronations, processions, regal audiences. In every case, the description transcends its original source. Obviously, too, the focus demands that the world be limited to that of the court. To have brought in the commonalty would have spoiled the effect. Actually, the people are present and, although the author no more than offers the picture for the reader to interpret, it is evident that they were crushed by the levies necessary for such elaborate living. Enormous outlays for the paymaster's wagons of the imperial army, titanic banquets and lavish gifts are effectively contrasted not with the state of the poor, but with the very poverty of the crown, which had to borrow to make a journey from one country to another, which owned but two hundred gold coins at death.

The contrast is also made effective to the discerning reader by the stifling picture of international intrigue. It

is the reader, and not the author, who sees modern parallels—and here Mr. Zara has shown great restraint. History is never different in any age: initial anger at the sixteenth century for its blindness, its lack of Christian charity, its lack of Christianity itself can be matched now. As he is drawn, the Emperor is aware of the world's shortcomings, and he realizes his own, he despises himself for his own follies, he condemns his own sins—there is no romantic nonsense about the charm of lust or the cleverness of political intrigue or the joy of combat. Logic is not twisted out of shape. Charles wished for a Europe sound, firm of faith, fearful of no outside force: only after such an overthrow of inherited weaknesses could it be a rock against all attacks. And even Charles finally admitted that such things are not for this life: the approach is, but not the ideal.

In the middle ages, minstrels spun stories of this sort as after-dinner entertainment, for days on end. "Against This Rock" has the same appeal: it will hold the reader who likes vivid history, hold him so that the mind feasts—even in the midst of banquets that pampered Charles' gluttony, his greatest vice.

JAMES EDWARD TOBIN.

One Fair Daughter. Bruno Frank. Viking. \$2.75.

BRUNO FRANK is another on the list of talented German exiles, once a highly successful writer of historical novels, stories and plays in his native land, now living and still writing in California. His most recent success was "A Man Called Cervantes," a Book-of-the-Month several years back.

Judging from "One Fair Daughter," Mr. Frank is not quite so successful outside the historical field. He has the professional touch—smooth, cultivated, sensitive—and his characters are credible enough. In fact, the first half of the book, all about the daughter's parents, is really quite good. But by the time you get to the daughter, something has happened and both you and Mr. Frank seem to be losing interest in the whole thing. One also gets the feeling that the translation doesn't do justice to the author's polished style. And the book is badly marred by a perfect galaxy of misprints. Proofreading errors are inexcusable enough in a weekly review like *THE COMMONWEAL*, but in a short novel they are positively disastrous.

What is interesting about "One Fair Daughter," beyond the first half, is its background. The story is laid in a little town in Galicia on the Dniester in one of those maddening areas with which Europe is so plentifully cursed: regular boiling cauldrons of conflicting nationalities, races, cultures and religions. The book gets under way just before World War I, when Galicia is part of the Austrian Empire, runs through the inter-bellum period under Poland, suffers the vicious brutality of the invading Germans and winds up just as the nazis are moving out to make way for the Russians (communist). The father is an Austrian aristocrat (Roman Catholic) and the mother a beautiful Jewess, survivor of a brief pogrom that strung up her father and brother in the yard of their house in Lublin, then under the Czar. The town where they meet and marry is mostly Ukrainian (Orthodox) and there is a large Jewish population with, after 1918, a considerable Polish element (Roman Catholic).

Mr. Frank seems to admire the late Marshal Pilsudski as a great revolutionary and liberal who fought a losing fight against the reactionary, anti-Semitic elements in his government. What to do with Poland, however, or what

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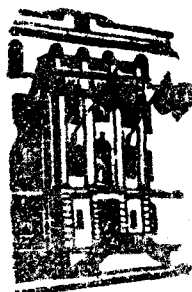
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to do with Galicia, or even what to do with the Jews—about whom Mr. Frank is so rightly concerned—are not questions for which you will find very satisfactory answers in "One Fair Daughter." One finishes the book with the conviction that the only thing that can solve the conflicts of areas like Galicia is a burning, consuming Christian charity. Mr. Frank is all for charity, but for the faith that makes it possible he has only a sad, disillusioned scepticism. But then the existence of so many Christians whose hearts and minds have been poisoned by anti-Semitism and hyper-nationalism could hardly be expected to impress him favorably.

JOHN C. CORT.

This Festive Season. Jeanne Singer. Harcourt. \$2.50.

JOHN GALSWORTHY once remarked that the English novel, from "Tom Jones" to "Ulysses," often went to bed drunk. The American novel has frequently never left the bed. But Miss Singer's first novel is perfectly sober. She is as sentimentally serious as Richardson or Laurence Sterne. And like them she is trying to prove something.

Her novel is concerned with an idea. And about this idea she groups her people in affirmation or denial. Consequently it is less a novel that she has written than a disguised exercise in symbolism.

Three people are brought together around the Passover feast. One of them, Robert Silver, has been refused a college instructorship because he is a Jew. Richard Sturtevant is a confused liberal, a teacher and a friend to Robert. The third person is an innocent and bewildered Jewish refugee from Germany.

For Miss Singer, Robert Silver is not merely a symbol of the Jew whom our schools have barred from academic participation. He represents, I think, all the minorities to whom we hold a promise to the ear, and break it to the heart. Richard is not only a man aggrieved that a faculty committee engages in only verbal equality. He is all of us—the educated, believing, liberal middle class which gets angry, but is irresolute and impotent to compel the realization of our beliefs. Lise, the refugee, brought up by her German father to a slender knowledge of American historical documents and overt declarations, is—like Meredith's lover—"what my heart's first awaking whispered the world was." She is the most innocent woman I have met in fiction. Alongside her, Tolstoi's Natasha is a poltergeist, and Thackeray's Amelia is a daughter of Noah.

But Miss Singer, tenderly running down the bypaths of sentiment, is less interested in Lise as a person than in her as a gift—she symbolizes Europe's new gift to us. Like guardian angels, Miss Singer's refugees remind us that we have strayed in witless shame from our Garden of Eden, and we are reminded by them that we are naked. It is as though we have become sincerely insincere and no longer pay virtue the tribute of hypocrisy.

Confronted suddenly with Robert's position, and with its meaning as an American exercise in default, Lise dissolves in "Alice in Wonderland" tears. This display strengthens the invertebrate Richard who decides that the case must be reopened. Through the glistening tears Robert and Lise discover their deep, half-articulate love. No solution is here offered for Robert's academic plight, and he and Lise go hand in hand into the waste they know not, into the night.

But I surmise that what the establishment of equality has needed all these years is lovely woman showered with tears.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

The Inner Forum

Rochester's Double Jubilee

BECAUSE of the coincidence of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the diocese of Rochester, N. Y., and the fiftieth birthday of its St. Bernard's Seminary, the Rochester *Catholic Courier* in its current issue has brought out an impressive rotogravure supplement focused on the post-war world. This 96-page supplement is of the same quality as the "For Victory—After Victory" feature number of the Cleveland *Universe Bulletin* which appeared almost a year ago.

The historical side of the Rochester diocese really begins with the appointment of the famous Bishop Bernard J. McQuaid, hitherto Vicar-General of the Diocese of Newark, N. J., in 1868. During his 41 years as Bishop of Rochester, Bishop McQuaid compiled an impressive record of diocesan expansion. A number of hospitals and charitable institutions were founded with his encouragement. He was so concerned with the establishment and improvement of parochial schools that he came more and more to be their able champion throughout the nation. Bishop McQuaid referred to the schools as the "battle-ground of the Church." He founded St. Bernard's Seminary in 1893.

However, most of this special supplement deals with post-war problems. Marion B. Folsom of the Eastman Kodak Company, Eric Johnston of the United States Chamber of Commerce, Rev. John P. Delaney, S.J., of the Institute of Social Order and Msgr. John A. Ryan of the NCWC Department of Social Action take up various aspects of the coming employment problem in the United States. Msgr. George Johnson of the NCWC Department of Education raises the question as to what to do in our secondary schools after the war; Rev. John La Farge, S.J., of *America*, deals with Negro employment and kindred interracial matters. Archbishop Lucey of San Antonio points to the importance of enlightened public opinion in bringing about far-sighted Senate action in the case of the coming peace treaties. Msgr. John O'Grady of Catholic Charities touches on problems of American factory and farm.

Dealing with the international sphere there are a prayer for a just peace by Pope Pius XII and a number of feature articles. Authors include: Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen, Archbishop Spellman, Rev. Joseph Thorning, Rev. John J. Considine, M.M., Bishop Paul Yu Pin, Thomas Woodlock, Juan Trippe and Rev. Urban Nagle, O.P.

CONTRIBUTORS

Howard E. KERSHNER presented his testimony in support of the Taft-Gillette Resolution (S.R. 100). *THE COMMONWEAL* supports his stand and urges readers to write to their Congressmen and Senators.

Waldemar GURIAN is a member of the faculty of Notre Dame University and one of the editors of *The Review of Politics*. He is the author of a number of books including "The Rise and Fall of Marxism."

David MARSHALL is a New York newspaperman, the author of "Model Railroad Engineering."

James Edward TOBIN is head of the department of English in the Graduate School of Fordham University, New York.

Francis DOWNING is assistant Educational Director of the United Auto Workers.

C. A. P. Selections for a Book Christmas

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Rosemont, Pa. Catholic College for the Higher Education of Women conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Incorporated under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania with power to confer Degrees in Arts and Science. For resident and non-resident students. Situated eleven miles from Philadelphia on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Fully accredited. Telephone Bryn Mawr 4514. Address Registrar.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

TRINITY COLLEGE

Washington, D. C. An Accredited Catholic institution for the Higher Education of Women. Beautifully located in the immediate vicinity of the Catholic University. Incorporated under the Laws of the District of Columbia and empowered by Act of Congress to confer degrees. Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. For particulars, address the Registrar of the College.

MARYLAND

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles St., Baltimore, Maryland. An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Exceptional Advantages. For Information Address the Registrar.